

ANDERSON COLLEGE

WILDFIRE

1990-91 Art and Literary Magazine

IVY LEAVES

ANDERSON COLLEGE
ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE
1990-91

Questions

What would you do if it happened to you?
Would you gladly accept it or be sad or blue?
Would you tell all of your neighbors and tell
all your friends?
Do you think it would ever happen again?

But then if by chance it should happen once more;
Might it be opportunity that knocks on your door?

At the opening of the door what would you find,
but one more fascination, a game of the mind.

Could it really have happened, or was it just a dream?
Then again is anything ever as it seems?
If you think it over the answer is true.
What would you do if it happened to you?

Michelle McDowell

Preachers who are sinning
Losers who are winning
Decency is madness
Hate is now courageous

Criminals in my hometown
Children who are shot down
Heaven is so far away
Hell is just around the corner

Oceans filled with oil
Poor give to the royal
No Robin Hood to save us
We must fend for ourselves

There's a town with no poverty
It's only law is equality
It looks like the one in my dreams
Because that's the only place it exists

Jeff Mercuri

You

I'm with you always,...
Not always in the same room,
Not always side by side,
But I'm always with you...

I find my strength in loving you.
I find my joy in being with you,
Being a part of your life,
And knowing that you're a part of mine.

You have become the most important
person in the world to me,
And I realize how precious,
how much a part of my happiness you are,...
more and more each day.

The most important part of me dwells
within your heart.
You have allowed me to be there
And I am made complete.

Michelle McDowell

Colored Worlds

In my world of Crimson sky
Lighting flashes.
Nightmares die.

Dreams awaken
To witness death.
Feel the rage in fiery breath.

In my world of Cobalt sky
Ravens hunger.
White doves fly.

Fog emerges
From the ground.
Elephants cry in seductive sound.

In my world of Emerald sky
Fires rage.
Forests cry.

Shadows dance
Waltzes of fear.
My cries for help no one will hear.

In my worlds of colored skies
Nature sings
Sadistic lullabies.

Imaginations escape
Lose control.
Forfeiting all hope for my lost soul.

Paula Norris

The Music

The tunes filled the empty streets decorated by small puddles of water from a recent rain. I saw him sitting there--alone. He played the music. Beautiful, passionate, sensual music--but sad. It told many tales--the music. Births and deaths, good times and sad times, and romance. Romance and passion. I complemented him on the music. The Beautiful music. He simply said, "It's sweet music. Sweet and sad." He continued, "I play it for the night. The music is its sister. The night has passion too, but also mystery." I smiled and kept walking. Walking into the night.

Paula Norris

Taste

you get thrown to the ground
it is cold and unflinching
a knee is jammed into the small of your back
you gasp, exhaling steam
strong hands grip your jaw
"Swallow" the voice whispers
liquids seep down your chin
you gag and clench fists
the rosary bites into your right palm
knuckles turn white from the beads' pressure
they break and scatter like dewdrops
leaving you alone in your sleep
with memories of innocence

Forrest Parker

The Wish of Death

I once had a friend
a good friend come to think of it
This friend lived life to the fullest
until one day he suddenly vanished
Some say he died
some say suicide
but me, I know the real truth.

There once was a boy
of age thirteen
He always did it on
up.

Everything you could think of
uppers, downers, cocaine, heroine, speed,
marijuana, angel dust, etc.

At the age of 15, he
was addicted. At 16 he (got) received
help and quit.

He once told a friend at
17, that if he ever started with drugs again
to kill him.

At the age of 18,
I sit by my bed wondering if I'd go
to jail for granting a friend his wish.

A friend started at 13
addicted at 15
quit at 16
dead at 18

Me a true friend through good & bad

Goodbye

"eighteen years of life
damn you, I loved you
Tell me, was it worth it"

Tina M. DeMasi

The Miracle

Death will be the miracle
of the future
Death will come and go
with the stars
for it will be the lightning
in the sky

the flowers on the
ground

for death will be as
common as a crime,,

a song without hope,,,

a picture without
a frame.

Death will always
be with us forever, until
eternity,

like the laughter
of the children.

We must accept death
for if we don't,,,

the songs, the flowers, the children,,
and the stars will vanish into
the doors of death
and

never be seen again.

Death,,, accept it
and live with peace and

harmony

deny it and
be killed by the
laughing children...

Tina M. DeMasi

The Miracle

Death will be the miracle
of the future
Death will come and go
with the stars
for it will be the lightning
in the sky

the flowers on the
ground

for death will be as
common as a crime,,

a song without hope,,,

a picture without
a frame.

Death will always
be with us forever, until
eternity,

like the laughter
of the children.

We must accept death
for if we don't,,,

the songs, the flowers, the children,,
and the stars will vanish into
the doors of death

and

never be seen again.

Death,,, accept it
and live with peace and

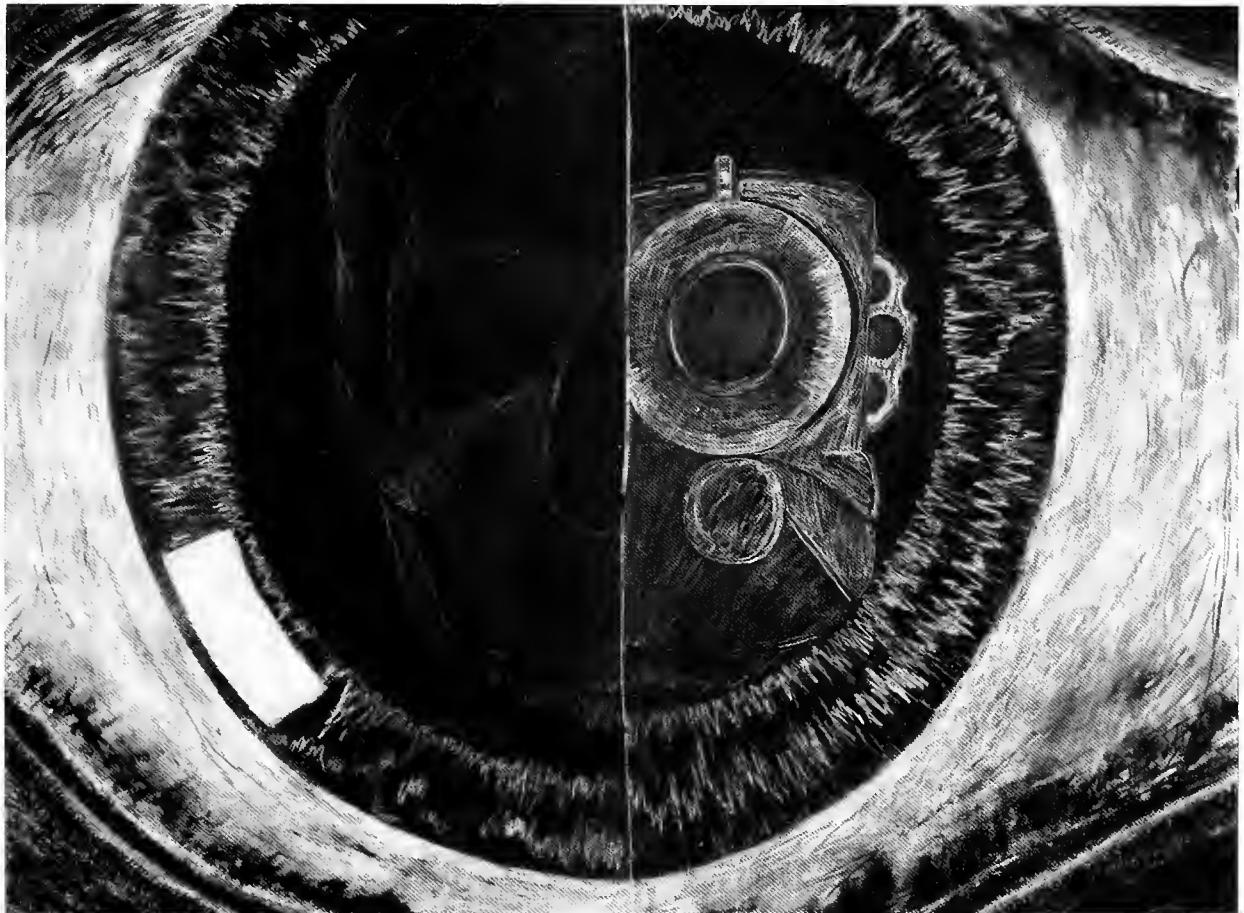
harmony

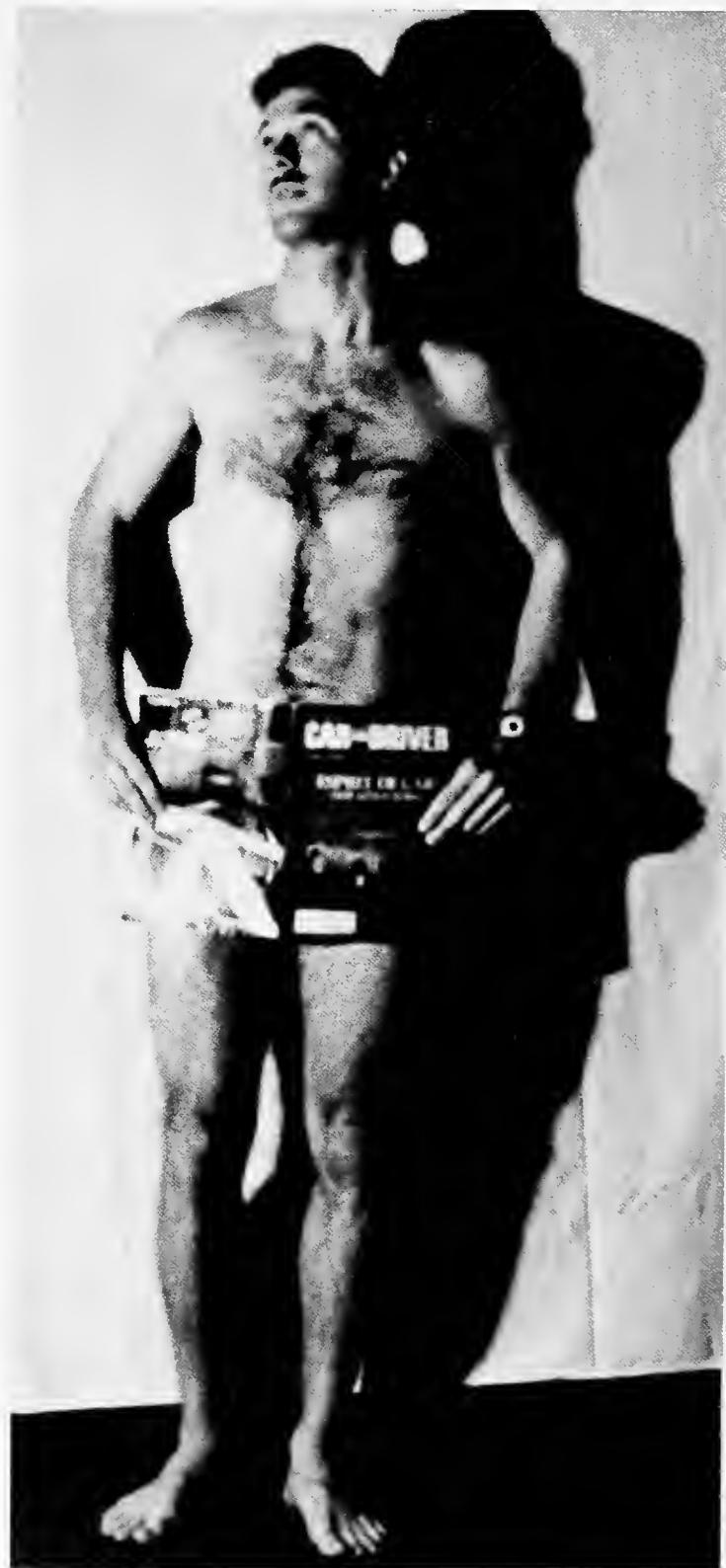
deny it and
be killed by the
laughing children...

Tina M. DeMasi









"Dilemma"



"Mr. Clark"







Last Days

I - S' pper

Mother Iscariot
you betraycd me
when I failed to transmute
your wine to blood.
DaVinci never painted you counting coins
because all I ever produced
was a trickle from my wrist
that stained the linens.

...

I broke bread
and choked
trying to swallow
all those pills.

II - Questioning

Dr. Pilate would not let me sleep;
he kept me up
making me walk
and drink milk.

The stick people know how to shut up.
They know the feints and thrusts of conversation,
and avoid the blade of the tongue by not being there;
they are shut up within themselves.

Sometimes hurt is enough to keep them going.
They whittle themselves down,
believing pain to be beauty inflicted,
then segment thcmsevles, like tapeworms.

Twisting and turning, they invert themselves
into Mobius strips and feed on their marrow.

They have no light; they are swallowed up.

Forrest Parker

You are my best friend
And whole lot more
We've walked through the garden
Encountering both Heaven and Hell
We made it through
With help from each other
Because that's what friends are for.

You've helped me see
Things I might not have seen
Had you not shown me the way
Leading me through my fears
With your gentle hand
You are my support
And my bolstering tree.

You molded me from a teen
To the man I am now
I hope that you will always stay
Throughout all of my remaining years
As I seek my life's demand.

You are everything to me
For I live to see you smile
You are who I would be
If I could be someone else for awhile
I love everything about you
From what you are inside
to your outside complete.

F. Parker Sanders

Happy Birthday to Me

I am twenty-three years old today
I am married and I have a son
My attempt to free myself was pointless
He still controls me and makes me pay
When I was young he never noticed the good things
I had done
He praised my brother and sister and would say I
was the mess
Is he angry because my first marriage only lasted
a few days?
Is he angry because I have never done well in school
like his other children have done?
Is it because my present husband's age is the same as his and not less?
Even now he influences where I go, what I do and
who I see.
I just want some peace and I wish he'd let me be.

Brenda Cribb

I'm falling to pieces
my search for heaven leads to hell
I'm growing accustomed to pain
from an empty wishing well

I want things, I cannot have
but I have things, I do not want
I flaunt things I do no have
But I have things I'd never flaunt

I look to God for answers
I have questions about my past
Will I ever have peace of mind
or was my pain assigned to last

I must put myself back together
I feel there's no help from above
Has God abandoned my life
or will I be led to love

Jeff Mercuri

Spider

She climbed out of her shell,
And walked on the debris.
Clinging to the floor she fell
and landed on the wall.
There was no time left. She
had to make a decision
very quickly. She closed her
eyes and decided its now
or never. Taking a deep breath,
with the parachute ready, she
jumped to the ceiling.
Waiting with anticipation
she reeked of classification.
The newspaper! The newspaper!
She wouldn't let them get her.
Swatting and swatting and
waiting and waiting. She crawled
down the maze of the cement
wall and hid under the carpet.
Feeling their presence, she ran
across the floor. They swung
the newspaper. Swat! She
died a sudden death. Although
they did not like her, they thought
it would be kind to bury her
with the obituary column.

anonymous

For This is Only ...

Many times you pass my way
not seeing all of me,
Never stopping by at the
reflections that you see.
Don't you ever wonder
what it would be like for you,
Afraid to step inside of something
completely strange and new.

Out of the darkness
a wise man approaches,
Dressed in a gown
of old, torn rags;
He stands there staring
with knowing eyes,
Unsteady finger
points to the skies...

Far at a distance
through a blackened forest,
I glanced upon a sight.
A cold gray castle
with towers so high,
they vanished into the night.
Trees with twisted faces
towered over me,
This strange and unknown place...
where can this be?

There came a sound like thunder
that chilled my very soul,
It seemed to move the heavens
and shake the earth below.

From out of that blackened forest
a vision did appear,
The kind of eerie nightmare
as a child I did fear.

When there in all his glory
stood a creature from a dream,
Like one found in a story book
or so it may seem.
A fire breathing dragon
with glaring red eyes,
Upon his back a wizard
ancient and wise.

In his hand a scepter
crystalline and gold,
Its mysterious powers
about to unfold.

His eyes were fixed upon me
the orb he did raise,
My body it trembled
my mind was in a haze.
As I floated into oblivion
I heard him say to me...
...Awaken my child,
do not be afraid,
for this is only...

A
Dream...

Sharon Buchanan

Forgetful Baseball Player

Dad, it's me -- David, your son!

Billy, is that you? Where are my overalls?

I gotta start plowing.

Billy? Overalls? Dad, you're not on a farm. You aren't making any sense. Are you even listening to me?

Who are you? Where's Billy? What have you done
with Billy?

I don't know any Billy! I'm your son!

What son? Who are you? I want Billy - he'll
help me get ready. Billy, bring me my boots!

Please, Dad. (tears begin to fall) I'm your son - your boy. Remember our house on the lake? Coaching my football
team? Vacations to the beach? Don't you remember? You used to say you wished I'd stay a little boy
forever. Please try to remember!

Looks like it's going to be another hot one.

Dad, it's January! C'mon, it's freezing out there.

I'll need my straw hat. Where's my hat?

You don't wear a hat. What's happening? I can't stand to see you suffer like this. Why can't doctors help you?

Why, God? Why are you doing this? Why put him through this?

Billy, hurry up! I want to get an early start!

No, Dad! Stop it! You're not a farmer! I'm not Billy! There's never been a Billy!

What have you done? Billy! Billy!

I want my Dad! I want you to remember me. I can't take this suffering you're going through.

Billy, do you need help?

You're the one who needs help, Dad.

Billy, are you going to be all right? (said with
compassion)

How can you take this so calmly? Why isn't this bothering you? Wait . . . I think I see. You're not the one
suffering.

Billy, it's time to work - are you ready?

Yes, Dad, I'm ready.

David Peebles

1990-91 Ivy Leaves Staff

Editor: Sharon Buchanan

Readers: Sharon Buchanan
Doug Davison
Brenda Dubose
Christi L. Griffin
Richard Jones
Paula Norris
Annette Solomon

Art Staff: Tyler Butler
Matt Dent
Michelle Hayes
Donnie Henderson
Thomas Higginbotham
Guy Kohn
Ashley McLeese
Marcus Penland
Denise Perry
Brady Richman
Susan Wooten

Cover Design: Denise Perry

Advisors: Doug Davison
Susan Wooten



